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Life's Prize Competition

**WHAT ARE THE TEN
BEST SHORT POEMS**

A Popular Vote will be taken on this interesting subject by the readers of LIFE, and the one whose list of the Ten Best Poems in the English Language is nearest the combined judgment, according to all the lists sent in, will be awarded an original signed picture beautifully framed in gilt. The name and address of each competitor must accompany each list, and not more than one list will be considered from any one individual. The competition will be closed on July 1st, no lists being considered after that date

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 and 21 West 31st Street,

New York City



A WASTED EFFORT.

She (encouragingly): IT IS SO UNJUST TO ACCUSE A MAN OF WEAKNESS BECAUSE HE IS IN LOVE."

"OF COURSE. HE MAY NEVER INTEND TO MARRY THE WOMAN."

MY TRIP PASS AND HOW I GOT IT.

I HAD the hardihood, the other day, to write the following letter:

"Mr. G. D. Walkaway, G. P. A.,

"P. D. & Q. R. R., New York.

"My Dear Sir:

"I am reliably informed that you are a hypnotist and that you make passes which will cause a man to go to sleep in New York and wake up in Buffalo. If you will kindly execute a pass in favor of the undersigned, using as many finger and whole-arm movements as may be necessary to make it endure for a period of thirty days, I think you will find me an easy subject to handle.

"Fraternally yours,

"HIRAM BILLINGS."

The pass was received in due time, and I have only partially recovered from the trance into which it threw me. Below find verbatim copy of correspondence, which is self-explanatory:

"Hiram Billings, Esq., New York.

"Dear Mr. Billings:

"Your information is correct. In moments of temporary aberration I have been known to execute an occasional pass. I herewith execute one for you, and if it has the effect of throwing you into a cataleptic state I shall feel deeply pained. Owing to our limitations under the long-and-short-haul clause of the Interstate Commerce bill, however, our hypnotic experiment will necessitate your performing a number of hip-and-

pedal movements, which it is impossible to avoid.

"Yours very cordially,

"G. D. WALKAWAY, G. P. A."

The following was inclosed:

"To all employés of this Company:

"This will entitle Mr. Hiram Billings to the use of our great four-track road-bed between New York and Buffalo, for pedestrian purposes. He is to have right-of-way over everything except passenger, freight and mail trains and hand-cars, and will travel entirely at his own risk, this company expressly waiving all liability for loss of life, time, baggage or reputation.

"G. D. WALKAWAY, G. P. A."

William Wallace Cook.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX. APRIL 22, 1897. No. 748.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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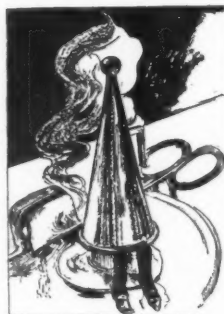
IT may be that by the time this number of LIFE is out we shall know what truth there is in the yarn of the air-ship which is supposed to have been recently seen at various points in the West. Divers stories about it have been in the newspapers, all wild-eyed and vague, but unusually pertinacious. Lights in the air were seen for several nights at Omaha and were reported later from Chicago. The best story about them is that they belong to an air-ship that is voyaging from San Francisco to Washington. The least satisfactory theory was that of a Chicago astronomer, who thought they belonged to a star. Is it not a lively age, when the air-ship story sounds more credible than the theory of the astronomer!



IT used to be that one of the special obligations recognized by Christians of good ecclesiastical standing as incident to Good Friday was to do something to promote the conversion of the Jews. For centuries the Jews have been very much on the mind of the Church, and means have been provided for their conversion, ranging from pincers and boiling oil in remoter times, down to funds and missionaries in our day. But nowadays the work seems to go on with lessened ardor, partly because the need of converting Christians is better appreciated than it used to be, partly because the great mass of Jews obstinately decline to be converted.

There is no sign of incapacity in the Jews to take care of themselves, and to obtain their share of every valuable thing on earth. Let us not worry unduly about them and their conversion, for that is not the way to reach them. If Christianity is a good thing and we have got it, let us hang on like everything to all our holdings of it, not doubting in the least that our Jewish brethren

will hasten to share it with us just as soon as ever they find reason to suspect that it is worth having. There are some folks who will drink when they are led to water, and there are others, whose thirst if one would slake, he puts the water in a cask and drives the bung in tight, and marks on the end with figures, and leaves it in sight, and goes indoors and waits.



THE Patriarchs have dissolved their once famous terpsichorean sodality. They got tired of the trouble of giving balls when there were so many people in New York who were willing to take that trouble upon themselves and to pay all the bills. Good-by, Patriarchs! You were great people in your day, but you have succumbed to the progress of the immensely rich. Why, to be sure, should you continue to take pains and spend money for your own amusement, when there are so many people with such grand establishments who are eager to provide you with all the social amusement you can stand, at their cost! It is a great thing, Patriarchs, to recognize when one is dead, and not hang around unburied.

THERE is no present prospect of anything but mischief from the Dingley tariff bill. The tariff sharps are almost unanimous in their agreement that it is the worst tariff bill yet. It pleases some short-sighted manufacturers whose eyes glisten at the prospect of plunder, and many far-sighted free silver men who see that such a tariff will disgust the country and drive the Republicans out of power. The worse the bill that Mr. Dingley and his co-operators offer, the easier it will be to pass it. The measure now before Congress seems certain to reduce the revenue instead of increasing it. It calls for higher duties than the McKinley bill, a measure expressly designed to cut revenue down. Excessive protection is better than free silver, but neither in the fire nor in the frying-pan may we hope for real comfort. It is time for a new alternative.



LIFE begs to recommend to General Sanguily to go to Paris and stay there until the Cuban war is over for better or worse. He was released by the Spaniards at the request of the American government, after giving his word not to take any further part in the Cuban revolution. Since he cannot honorably plot or fight for Cuban freedom, would he not be better off in some country where he would be under less temptation to break his word?



He: WHEN I MARRIED YOU, YOU HADN'T A CENT.

"OH, YES, I HAD. MY FACE WAS MY FORTUNE."

"NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY MONEY TALKS."

A WARNING.

MCKINLEY, have a care about
The tariff bill you pass!
Remember that it doesn't pay
To fool with broken glass!
The high protection bubble broke
Four years ago. The people spoke,
And then and there threw off the yoke,
Or thought they did, alas!
McKinley, don't permit the trusts
To sway you at their will,
Then laugh to see the people writhe
While they their coffers fill!

Should you the common herd ignore,
Just bear in mind, in four years more
The people, who spoke once before,
Will pass another Bill.

Charles S. Carter.

THE *Evening Sun* is a smart little paper,
and should know that many of the
bright things that appear in such a notori-
ous offender as the London *Tit-Bits* are
regularly stolen from LIFE without credit.

In reprinting material from LIFE and cred-
iting it to *Tit-Bits*, the *Evening Sun* is
therefore guilty of a journalistic impropriety,

doubtless due to that lack of the keen ob-
servation which Mr. Dana insists is one of
the first principles in well-regulated news-
paper offices.

FRENCH METHOD.

"CAN he actually give his pupils
a working knowledge of
French in five weeks?"

"He doesn't try to. But it takes
him only five weeks to persuade peo-
ple they have a working knowledge of
French."



He: FOR THE PERFECT ENJOYMENT OF LOVE THERE MUST BE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.
She (of Chicago): I HAVE HEARD PA SAY IDENTICALLY THE SAME THING ABOUT SAUSAGES.



BRIC-A-BRAC AS A PASSION.

WHEN new novelists, with a new theory of fiction, appear every week, it is easy to forget some of the admirable old ones who keep on turning out new books of surprising excellence in technic and originality of subject. A book like "The Spoils of Poynton" (Houghton) is worth far more than what it probably gets—a line or two to say that it is "another of those attenuated and superfine bits of analysis that Henry James is accustomed to give us!" Nearly all reviews of Mr. James are, long and short, built on that formula.

He is not the man to fit into a formula. In this novel he has certainly brought forward a new theme in English fiction—the idolatry of a woman of taste for the unique collection of bric-a-brac with which she has filled her house. In almost any other hands, this intensity of passion for inanimate things would have seemed ridiculous. It is easy to understand the strong æsthetic appeal of works of art to a sensitive nature, but to make that appeal the supreme passion of a refined woman's life is more complicated. Moreover, in the hands of an artist like Henry James this is made, not an ignoble passion like a miser's greed for gold, but the tangible expression of an exceedingly delicate emotion.

THE most subtle thread of gold in the whole elaborate embroidery is the way in which the heroine gives up the precious possessions to the girl whom she trusted to fully appreciate them and care for them as

she would herself. "It was absolutely unselfish. She cared nothing for mere possession. She thought solely and incorruptibly of what was best for the things."

This is a story not to be spoiled by a superficial analysis, but to be read with delight by those who like to follow an acute and nimble mind through the mazes of intricate complications of taste and refinements of conscience. Those who like James at his best will like this story.

THE volume of poems that Henry van Dyke has brought together in "The Builders, and Other Poems" (Scribner) is the sifted product of many years of verse-writing, the melodious expression of his enthusiasms. That is what poetry should be—the vehicle for transporting those uplifting joys that will not crawl along in prose.

Dr. van Dyke loves the woods, good literature, fine institutions and fine men. All of these things naturally grow together, and they blossom in his verse. A man who straightens out the kinks in his nerves by a season in the woods is never going to lose his zest for that best product of well-attuned nerves, good poetry like Tennyson's. Neither is he ever going to confound the mournful wail and jarring pessimism of impoverished nerves with poetry.

The poem of most sustained power is the noble Princeton ode, "The Builders," which won the spontaneous praise of the critical audience of scholars who first heard it. But the humbler "Songs Out of Doors" will win an audience not so distinguished, but harder to really please—the great brotherhood of men who love a tent and a little river. He will catch them all at this time—

"When weary seems the street parade,
And weary books and weary trade;
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made."
—Droch.

MEDICAL PROGRESS

WE are glad the *New England Medical Monthly* has taken LIFE'S advice about appendicitis into serious consideration, and that it not only discourages operating indiscriminately, but turns to the homœopaths for enlightenment. Our space is limited, but we are willing to assist a friend, so we have looked our homœopathic class in the face and noted the emphasis with which they answered the *Monthly's* three questions:

"We would request LIFE to ask its homœopathic friend three questions. If most of his cured cases of appendicitis are not simply awaiting another attack as soon as their concretions and mucous inclusions become rampant again?"

No.

"If some of his cured cases have not tired of getting cured and have gone to somebody else for treatment?"

Never to his knowledge.

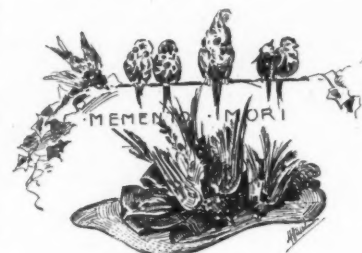
"If some of his appendicitis cases did not die under the diagnosis of peritonitis, or typhoid fever, or bowel obstruction?"

No.

We advise our esteemed contemporary to seek further light directly from the homœopaths themselves, and find out how few patients they lose from peritonitis, typhoid fever and bowel obstruction. The exact percentage, if known, however, might not only surprise the old school practitioner, but it might start his patients on a dangerous train of thought.

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD: Love's Confession.

A LATE SUM-MER: The poll clerk.



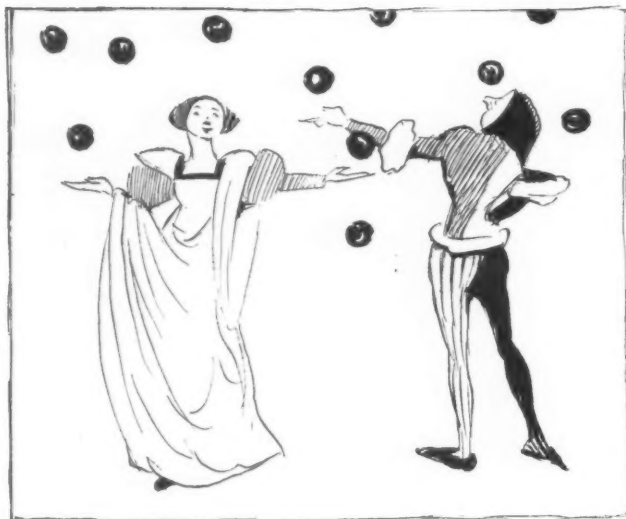
TO THE LADIES.



SHE WAS JUSTLY PROUD OF HER ANCESTORS.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

(By Oliver Herford.)



No. 336. E. A. Abbey.

THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.



No. 298. Robert Reid.

The little maid looks sad, poor dear,
What *can* the matter be?
The times are out of joint, I fear,
And so, alas, is she.



Julian Story.

A VERY RISKY STORY.



No. 337. Wm. M. Chase.

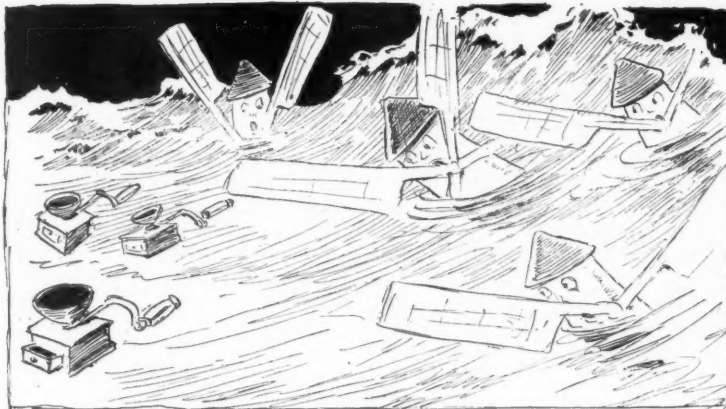
Three children playing with some rings
Upon a waxy floor;
Did they fall and hurt themselves, poor things—
Or were they so before?



NOS. 308 AND 326. By Messrs. Cox and Barse.

THE RIVAL DIANAS.

"DON'T SHOOT! I'VE ORDERED MY CARRIAGE."



NO. 253. G. Maynard

THE MILL RACE.



NO. 34. H. Breckenridge
Before a powerful cathode ray
An anxious maiden sits alone;
And she may sit for many a day,
Nor ever find a single bone.



NO. 311.
PORTRAIT OF THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D. D.

Said Dr. R. "I have a strong
Conviction fancy dress is wrong,
Yet who can say I look amiss
In such a fancy dress as this?"

LIFE congratulates the esteemed *Bookman* in having attained to a condition of prosperity which seems to warrant it in discourtesy to uninvited contributors. The *Bookman* in a printed notice declines to undertake to return manuscripts which may be sent to it, whether stamps are sent with them or not. So far as LIFE knows, it is the only American publication which permits itself this particular manifestation of superciliousness. Some of the haughty British weeklies follow the same rule, and a stupid rule it seems to be, though no doubt it saves some clerk hire.

A SUGGESTION.

Assemblyman Trainor has introduced a bill to make New York, Kings, Queens, Suffolk, Richmond, Westchester and Putnam counties a separate State.
—Daily Paper.

A BRAN new State! A splendid thing—
Imperial New York
Made up of all the best there is from Beer-
sheba to Cork;
With Brooklyn, and Westchester, and grand
Coney's lovely Isle—
'Twill make a State 'pon which I vow Dame
Fortune's sure to smile.

'Twill hold within its borders every blessing
on the earth;
'Twill teem with men of intellect and men of
sterling worth;
'Twill hold our noble harbor and a fair line
on the sea,
And 'mongst its other treasures it can surely
count on me.

Then call our State Manhattan—'tis a name
with meaning fraught;
It signifies great fullness—or at least so we've
been taught;
And we are brimming over with a joy intoxi-
cate
In every nook and cranny of our new and
splendid State.

And for our great metropolis, our capital,
cut loose
From calling it New York, a name that hath
no good excuse;
For 'tis not "New" and 'tis not "York," nor
ever more shall be—
'Tis but *itself*, and infinite in its variety.

Choose, rather, from the many one which
plainly doth describe
The joyousness that here is found, and let
the ribald jibe.

We all go in for pleasure—wherefore choose
a merry seal,
And from the ashes of "New York" raise
"Greater Vaudeville!"

John Kendrick Bangs.



AT THIS MR. COHNSTEIN TURNED UP HIS NOSE.







THE EX-STARS.—A REVIVAL.



A BEAUTIFUL object lesson in the folly of trying to be a star without the needed qualifications is given in the success of "The Wedding Day" at the Casino. In the cast are Della Fox, Lillian Russell and Jeff De Angelis. Each of these artists is known to the American public, and each has a considerable personal following. Each of them has made the mistake of thinking this following large enough to justify the assumption of stellar magnificence, and each has learned the sad lesson that one swallow does not make a summer, nor a strictly personal popularity the drawing power of a star. They have also learned that divided they fell and united they stand.

The present attraction at the Casino takes one back to the palmy days of that recently unlucky house. The opera is clever, handsomely mounted, and well sung. Once more feeling the elation of success, the three ex-stars get back nearer

to their old form than they have been for a long time. This is literally true in the cases of Miss Fox and Miss Russell, for their vicissitudes have removed a large amount of adipose tissue which interfered sadly with their beauty as women and their attractiveness as artists. Mr. De Angelis, with the responsibilities of stardom removed from his shoulders,

is actually funny at times, which is saying a great deal for Mr. De Angelis.

There is one serious blot on an otherwise excellent performance. A good many of the lines are not only *risqué*, but actually coarse. They could be easily elided without lessening the fun, and the book is otherwise sufficiently clever to get along without them. The music is far better than much that has been passed off here for comic opera. The costumes are picturesque and handsome. Those of the four dancers from "La Folie," each representing a suit at cards, are especially ingenious. The scenery is new and artistic and the company thoroughly competent. Miss Lucille Saunders has excellent opportunities for her magnificent voice, and her stately presence lends itself well to the part of *Madame Montbazon*.

Other actors and actresses who are smitten with the starring fever would do well to contemplate the careers of the three ex-stars and then see the performance of "The Wedding Day." It is only another illustration of the fable of the old man, his three sons, and the bundle of reeds.

* * *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S "Tempest" is one of his plays which has to be very thoroughly rearranged and very thickly sugar-coated before it can be acted with even the slightest chance of pleasing a modern audience. Its archaic English makes much of the dialogue incomprehensible, and therefore the original play has to be liberally cut for the acting version. It has about as much plot as a modern farce-comedy, but contains many opportunities for scenic and choric embellishment. Mr. Daly is just the manager to make the most of these last, and his people do the best they can with the play proper.

Miranda is not a part of vast possibilities, but it requires youth and delicacy and grace, which Miss Nancy McIntosh supplies in ample measure. *Prospero* is one of the nice old gentlemen Shakespeare is so fond of depicting, and Mr. George Clarke makes him and his bag of tricks quite endurable. *Caliban* is the only other notable character in the piece, and to it Mr. Tyrone Power gives more uncouthness than intelligence; in fact the spectator unfamiliar with the text might well wonder just what idea the character was intended to convey, or what good purpose in the plot he served.

In the supernatural phases of the play there is good opportunity for scenic and musical effect. Mr. Daly's stage is not large enough for tremendous undertakings, but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality, and the general result is very charming indeed. The groupings and dances of pretty women, the blending of colors and the incidental music, are all mingled in an entirety mightily pleasing to the senses of the spectator. As *Ariel*, Miss Virginia Earle presides gracefully over the transactions of the people from the unseen world.

As a play "Tempest" is not specially interesting; as a spectacle Mr. Daly makes it most attractive.

Metcalfe.

MOLLY: A gypsy once told me I would be married before I was thirty.

DOLLY: That ought to cure you of superstition.



Theatrical Manager (to ex-fireman): "I WANT YOU TO INSTRUCT THESE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN THE USE OF THE LIFE-SAVING HOOKS, ETC. WE GO ON A TOUR NEXT WEEK, AND SOME OF THE HOTELS ARE NOT FIREPROOF."

AN EFFORT AT COMPROMISE.

"A GENTLEMAN wishes to see you, sir," said the polite office boy to the editor of the *Quohosh Genius of Liberty*.

"Does he look like a poet, or a book agent, or a bill collector?"

"No, sir."

"Show him in."

On entering, the caller said:

"I believe I have the honor of addressing the editor of the *Quohosh Genius of Liberty*?"

"You have, sir."

"Your name is Cathcart, I understand—Benjamin Franklin Cathcart?"

"It is. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you, I will. Mr. Cathcart, my name is Brewster—Littleton Coke Brewster. I am an attorney-at-law."

"Ye-e-s," said the editor, nervously, for lawyers are the only class of men editors are afraid of.

"You published in your newspaper the other day a statement that a certain Mrs. Beddington had eloped with a certain

THE TEN BEST SHORT POEMS.

LIFE'S OFFER.

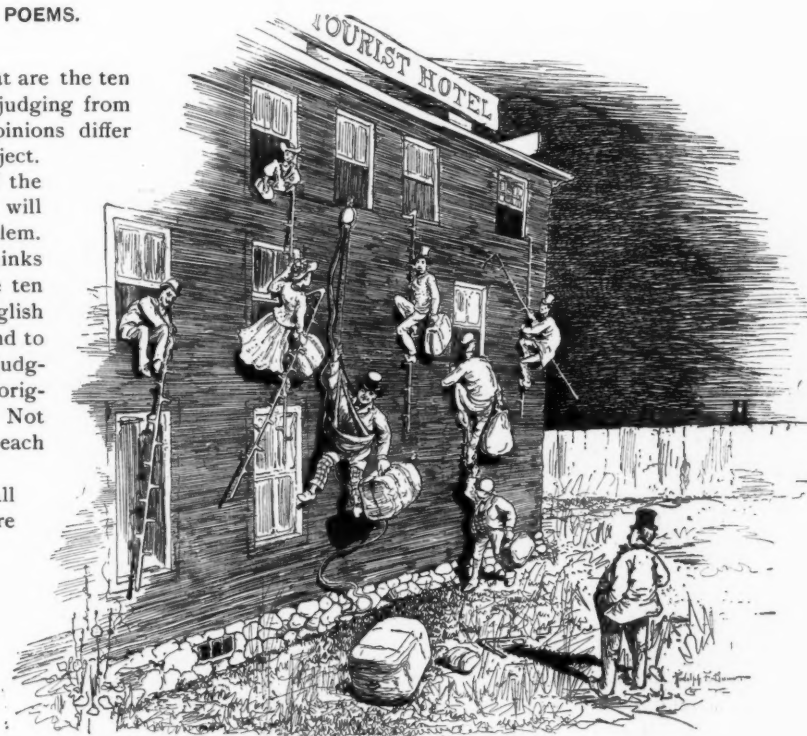


NOBODY really knows what are the ten best short poems, and judging from the lists already sent in, opinions differ widely on this important subject. But the combined judgment of the discriminating readers of LIFE will no doubt go far to solve the problem. Let any reader of LIFE who thinks he or she knows what are the ten best short poems in the English language send the list of them to LIFE, and to the one who comes nearest the popular judgment will be awarded a handsome signed original picture, beautifully framed in gilt. Not more than one list will be considered from each competitor.

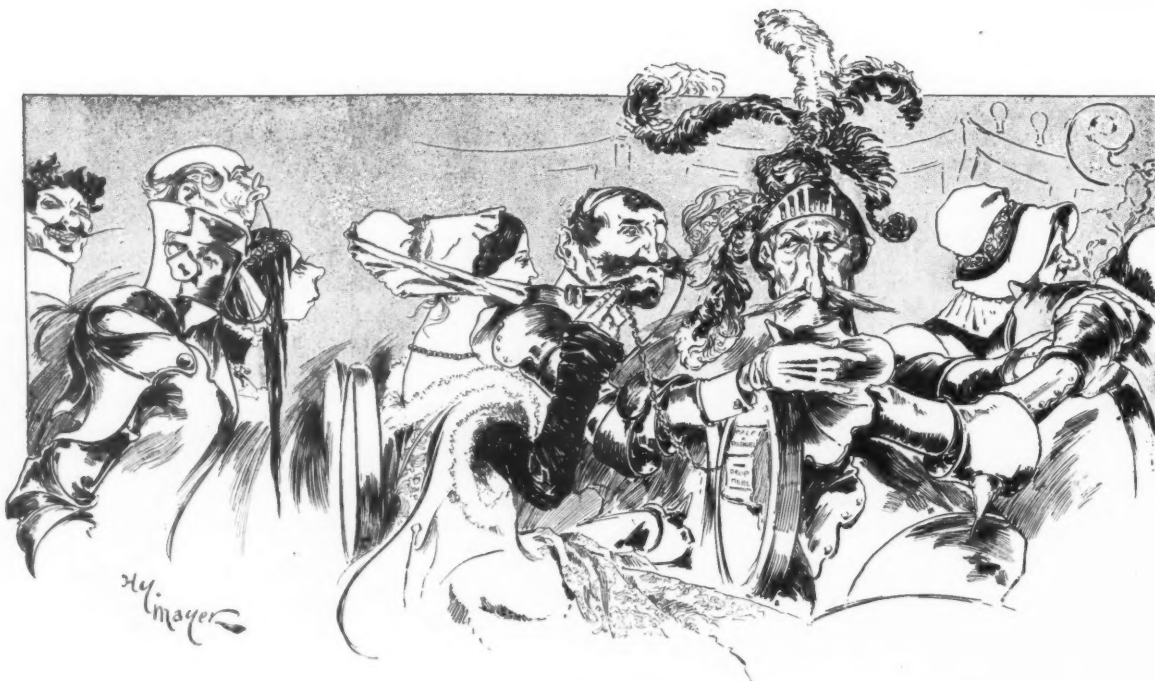
The contest will close on July 1st. All lists should be sent to "Pegasus," in care of LIFE.

THE REVISED LAW.

THE club of old was, we've been told,
A den of wickedness,
And e'en in Lent the members bent
Toward sipping B. and S.
But now they say men hail the day
When gone are things infernal,
For everywhere the clubs forswear
The *World*, the *Flesh*, and *Journal*.



Manager (2:00 A. M.): "NOW, REMEMBER THE INSTRUCTIONS—DON'T BREAK ANY WINDOWS, AND DON'T DROP YOUR BAGGAGE—THE FIRST LADY THAT SCREAMS IS FINED. IF I CAN SKIP ALL MY BOARD BILLS THIS WAY, I'LL PULL THROUGH THE SEASON."



IT MAY HAVE BEEN.

"BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET? MY WIFE CAN'T SEE A THING."

Mr. Redfield. You probably recall the paragraph."

"Well?"

"There was no such elopement, Mr. Cathcart. In publishing the statement, however, you have injured the reputation and character of Mrs. Beddington, and she has retained me for the purpose of seeing that reparation is made her. She places the damages at the nominal sum of \$10,000, with a complete denial of the statement to be published in the *Genius of Liberty*, with an ample apology, to be published at the same time. Will you agree to these terms, sir, and pay over the \$10,000, or shall I begin an action at law?"

"Ten thousand!" gasped the editor, in the same tone he might have used if he had been asked to float a government loan of ten times as many millions.

"That was the sum I named."

"You say that Mrs. Beddington has not eloped, Mr.-er-Brewster?"

"Certainly not."

"Then the *Genius of Liberty* made a misstatement in saying that she did?"

"Not a misstatement, sir, merely, but it did her a most cruel injustice, for which exemplary damages must be had."

"Well, Mr. Brewster, I can't agree to pay \$10,000 damages, for subscriptions have come in but slowly and there is no job printing to speak of, but I will make it all right in another way, sir."

"It will scarcely be worth while to suggest any other settlement, but I will listen to your offer, nevertheless."

"Well, it's this. The *Genius of Liberty* says she eloped. You say she didn't. Now to make the matter correct as it stands in the paper, I will agree to elope with her. What do you say to that?"

This did not appear to be satisfactory, and the lawyer left the office to enter suit.

William Henry Siviter.

A WANT.

WANTED: a muse content to sit
Until I have the time;
Who will not, with the shadows, flit
Away when I would rhyme.
A muse that has her evenings in
And has no Sundays out;
And one who is not pale and thin—
Far better, one who's stout.

Wanted: a muse who can keep house—
Who's willing and demure;
Who'll run the place the while my spouse
Is on a lecturing tour.
A muse of inspiration strong,
Who'll all my weakness brook.
And who'll incite me all day long—
Likewise, one who can cook.

Wanted: a muse quite versatile;
Good wages I will pay
Unto the one who fills the bill—
I want her right away.
Willing to work both day and night,
And double will her pay be
If she can only, while I write,
Learn how to hush the baby.

Tom Masson.

HARD LINES: Telegraph wires.



AN ECONOMIST.

"I SAY, DAD, WHY NOT SAVE TIME, AND BLESS THE FOOD JUST BEFORE IT'S BROUGHT IN FROM THE KITCHEN?"

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE path slopes gently, so they say,
From Ruinart to Ruiné,
But on what distant heights and far
From Ruiné seems Ruinart!

Beatrice Hanscom.

GOT IT IN THE NECK: Adam's
apple.

A YOUNG woman named Aimee Smith, who visited a hotel in New York in company with a man named Weeks, was taken suddenly and violently ill. A doctor was hastily called in, who, on learning that the patient was not the wife of the man she was with, declined to have anything to do with the case. The young woman promptly died of carbolic acid poisoning. How is it about that doctor? Is it possible that his conception of his professional duties is sound, and that he was merely prudent, and not, as seems to LIFE's uninstructed judgment, a poltroon and a delinquent? What has a physician to do with a question of morals when there is a life to be saved, and an hour's delay may be fatal?



HER COURTSHIP.

A man of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. bichloride washed her hair
And likewise all her features fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held, her snow-white teeth between,
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old,
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practiced all which had been taught her.

So this good medicine man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low
Asked "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, she sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."

—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

OCULIST: I can remove the cataract for two hundred dollars or put in a glass eye for fifty.

O'RALLY: Faix, docta darlint, give me wan o' thim glass eyes, Oi kin sae through it better.

An inventor recently went to the British War Office with an explosive that he said would destroy any army against which it was directed. "It is the most powerful explosive the world ever saw," said the visitor, "and I propose to send up a balloon over any army that would attack ours, setting the fuse so that it might go off the moment the balloon floated over the army of the enemy." "That is all very good, indeed," said the Secretary of War, interrupting; "but suppose that a current of air should carry your explosive balloon over our army—what then?" "Well," said the inventor, laying his hand on the right honorable gentleman's arm, "I tell you what it is, my friend—our army would have to get up and run like the very dickens."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE men who utilize the corner grocery for a club-room in the evening and on stormy days had just been discussing a fox hunt about which one of their number had read aloud, when the conversation naturally took a reminiscent turn.

"Nothing cuter or more cunning in the world than a fox," said Gogges, by way of introduction. "I remember one night when I was a boy that we heard a great fuss among the dogs that were chained up. It took us about half an hour to get dressed and armed to sally forth for the purpose of investigating. Not discovering anything, we loosened the dogs, and they darted off on a trail, yelping as they went. We didn't know whether it was man or varmint, but after a long run the dogs brought up at the hen house and tried to tear it down. Well, sir, an old fox had deliberately showed himself to the dogs so as to excite them, made that run while we were getting ready for trouble, and,



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Patience Sparhawk and Her Times. By Gertrude Atherton. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodeley Head.

The Landlord at Lion's Head. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Montaigne's Essays. New York: Macmillan Co.

circling around, was robbing the roost while the dogs were off the premises."

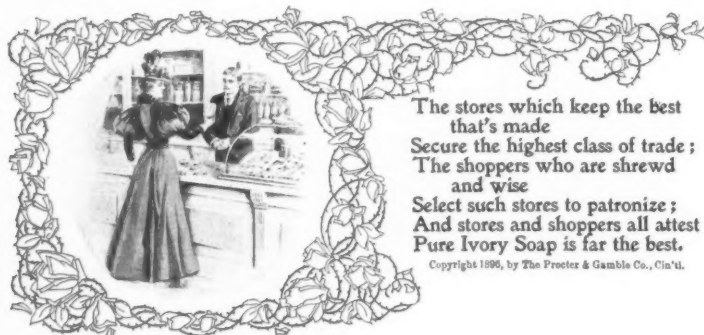
"I waked up one moonlight night," volunteered the man on the wood box, "and seen a fox under an apple tree where a fat pullet was roosting. I knew the thief couldn't climb, so I just stood at the window laughing. The fox barked to wake the chicken, and then began circling around the tree, slow at first, but going faster and faster. Of course, the terrified pullet followed him with her eyes and got so dizzy that she fell out of the tree."

"I see somethin' like that once," said the lank individual on a paint keg, "only that the chicken I was watchin' wrung its own neck, 'cause the fox was goin' to durned fast."

Then, by common consent, the crowd took up the subject of floods.—Detroit Free Press.

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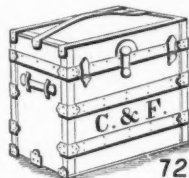
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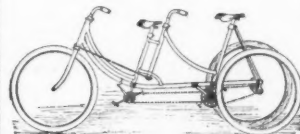
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You can nearly always bet your money on a boy. Boys know some things better than even the angels. In an important lawsuit at Clay Centre the other day, a twelve-year-old boy was on the stand, and testified that he spent just ten minutes in getting a bucket of water for his mother. The question of time was a vital one, and the opposing attorneys tried to rattle the boy. Finally one of them pulled out his watch and proposed to test whether or not the boy knew when ten minutes had elapsed. The opposing attorneys on the boy's side of the case strenuously objected to this test, for it is well known that nothing is harder than to sit still and gauge the passing of time. The judge ordered the test to be made, however, and after the court-room clock had been stopped and every chance removed for the boy to play a sneak, the trial commenced.

The stillness in the room became oppressive. Every watch was drawn, and the eyes of the multitude rested upon the youngster, who chewed gum, swung his foot against the round of his chair, and gazed placidly out over the benches as though the proceedings had mighty little interest for him. Two, four, six minutes passed, and still he made no sign. Then the attorneys com-

menced to worry him. "Isn't time about up?" asked one of them. "Nope," sententiously responded the boy as he changed the cross in his knees. Seven and eight minutes passed. "Haven't you got that water pumped yet?" said the attorney in a tone which was intended to convey that ten minutes had more than passed. "Reckon not," again replied the boy, and his own attorneys began to chuckle. Nine minutes passed, and tick, tick, tick went the seconds toward the ten-minute mark, and up to exactly three seconds before the limit, when the boy drawled out, "I think I've got that water drawn."

The people burst into applause, and after the trial, when the boy was asked to explain how he hit off the time so correctly, he replied: "Oh, I just sorter knowed, that's all."—*Kansas City Times*.

HERR OIL: Haf you heard dot dog of mine ate a tape measure undt died?

HERR KUT: I suppose he died py inches, nicht var?

"Aber nit; he vent oudt in der alley und die py der yard."

—*Columbia Spectator*.

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